

Mr. MACAULEY supported the motion in an eloquent speech.

Mr. HUME could not find any arguments to answer against the proposition for the removal of these unjust and injudicious disabilities. He considered the Jews of the present day were by no means like those of former ages, and that it was a great mistake to go back at all to those times in legislating upon the present question.—The arguments of the honourable member for Oxford on the subject of the Jews' oath had no weight in his mind.—They swore by Jehovah on the old Testament, and we by God on the Gospels, which was the only difference. It had been said, if this sect were once allowed full political privileges, by what right and on what reason could we refuse them to the Brahmins and Parsees? Nothing would give him greater pleasure than seeing Brahmins and Parsees in that house [a laugh].

Mr. O'CONNELL must say one word on an occasion in which his feelings were warmly interested. He had struggled for religious liberty, not for sectarian advantages, but for the principle that man's conscience should be free—[hear, hear]. He was delighted the day of good feeling in these matters had come—that this respectable and ancient nation, which had faithfully preserved a high and religious sentiment, was no longer to be estranged—and that they could at last see the period when something like justice was granted to all men, when conscience was free, and the country rid of a stain which had so long dishonoured her [cheers and cries of *well*].

Mr. W. ROACHE said a few words, which were drowned in the vehement cries of question!

The CHAIRMAN read the resolution.

The eyes resounded in one loud and hearty tone through the house; the noes were weak, and few and far between.

The CHAIRMAN declared the resolution carried—an announcement which was followed by loud and long continued cheers.

(From *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, April 14.)
POLICE.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.—*Matrimonial Misery*.—Simon Page, a little harmless looking journeyman tailor, complained to Mr. Dyer, that his wife, a sturdy amazon of twenty stone, had given him a sound beating on Sunday night. Mr. Page, who evidently stood in bodily fear of the prowess of his spouse, in doleful accents informed the Magistrates that for some years past his wife had been in the habit of attacking him, both with fist and foot, and that latterly she had addicted herself so inveterately to drink, that all his earnings found their way to the gin-shop. The worst part of the business was, that when she reached a particular state of elevation, it was her constant custom to amuse herself by thumping him about the room with his own sleeve-board. On Sunday morning last, discovering that his brawny helpmate had drunk herself to the point of pugnacity, he ran out of the house, and went to enjoy his pot and his pipe in peace, at a neigh-

bour's. He returned home at a late hour, hoping to find his spouse in bed; but when he got into the room, he discovered, to his great dismay, his better half seated with a *she gossip* at the table, on which there was a full pot of half-and-half. His wife handed the pot to him; but, seeing the state she was in, he refused to drink; upon which she rose up, and, opening the door, ordered him to walk out of the room: "or," said she, "I'm blessed if I don't kick you out!"—On refusing to quit the room at such a time of night, she, without further parley, floored him with a straight left-hand; which advantage was improved by the other lady throwing her arms about his neck and hugging him, with all the force and effect of a Russian bear. He roared lustily for assistance, which, at length arrived, he was rescued from the clutches of the two viragos. The complainant reminded Mr. Dyer that on more than one occasion before he had been compelled to apply to him for protection against the violence of his wife. "All I want, your Worship," said the complainant, "is to be separated from her. I'll take the three children, and under-take to do for them, if my wife will promise to do for herself." The Magistrate said, it was not in his power to comply with the complainant's wishes; but as the violent conduct of his wife must be restrained, he should order her to find bail.

MARY-LE-BONE.—*The Snob and the Pensioner*.—William Lacy, a pensioner, was charged with stealing four pair of new shoes from George Dix, a son of St. Crippin; and also with bilking a cabman in the most ungentleman-like manner out of his fare. The mender of souls, a natty little fellow, about two feet and a half perpendicular in height, and with a peevish speaking voice, said, pleases your Worship, that ere good-for-nothing warmist is a countryman of mine, and I meets him yesterday afternoon, which being Easter Monday in course we went to have a drop of summut. He told me, your Worship, as how he'd got no blunt, and so I treats him werry hand, somely, and gives him a friendly consarn of bread, onions, cheese, beer, and hot sheep's heads, and indeed I had. I accommodates him by letting him pig in a bed in my stall, with four of my young'uns; but, notwithstanding all my kindness, the willain gets up at six o'clock this mornin' and bolts with four pair of bran new shoes. There [violently exclaimed] the little cobler, wazing exceedingly wrath! there's a piece of ungratefulness [laughter]. Well, I sued 'arter him, your Worship, and nailed him in Oxford-market, in the werry act of taking his pension, and so I gived him in charge; for 'pon my soul I think he deserves a good selling, as such wagabones as him *closed* gemmen's hearts and makes 'em as tough as leather, and there's an end of generosity. A Cab-driver here stepped forward and said, as how the gemman at the bar had patronized his vehicle from five minutes to eight in the morning up to that 'ere blessed time. His fare

was 9s. 4d. which the gemmen wouldn't tip.—Mr. Hoskins—Well, prisoner, what have you so say about stealing the shoes? Prisoner answers in a quid?—No, no path. I'm shot if ever I see'd them at all. Here, my barakruk [holding out a dirty piece of paper] will last longer than that 'ere snob's.—Mr. Hoskins.—Prosecutor when did you see your shoes safe?—Dix—Vy yesterday was the werry ar-ternoon; and as true as they call me little George, my young'uns anticipates them coming home to-night, to go to Greenway fair.—Prisoner—How could you see them when you were blind drunk?—Dix—Vell, anyhow's I felt them, and that's the same thing.—Mr. Hoskins.—Had you been drinking?—Dix—Yes, your Worship, but I don't consider as how I was intoxicated, for I could stand on my legs, and I'm blowed if I don't think that's very fair for Easter [laughter]. Mr. Hoskins detained the prisoner to give the policeman an opportunity of tracing the shoes, and ordered the knight of the whip to be paid out of the money found upon the prisoner.

Conundrums, principally Cockneyish.—Why is every man's nose placed in the middle of his face? D'ye give it up? Because it is the centre [center]. Why is Adonia like a dry-nurse? Because she is engaged to Venus [Venus]. Why is a man in a *brandy study* like a lean fish? Because he is a *thinking* [thin] king. Why Baronet's coat like a baronet? Because the ones a baron and the other's a *vir too* [virtue]. Why is a good joke like a funny quarrel? Because it is a *victimism* [witly schism].

When we notice the turmoil of politics we exclaim, "Who would be a politician?" We might as wisely say when we see a storm at sea, "Who would be a fish?"—Both politician and fish are in their element.

Irish Criticism. Cutting Up. "When an Irishman is determined to be severe," says a popular Novalist, "he will cut you up without mercy." A critique on the "Irish Monthly Magazine," in the *Dublin Evening Packet*, thus commences:—"This is the veriest imposture of all the impostures that are imposed upon a discerning public in this age of impudence, quackery and humbug."

A poetic wag wrote a eulogistic poem on Sally. He was asked by an old lady who happened to have a marriageable daughter of that name, whether his subject was a real Sally. "Yes, madam," he replied, "a real Sally of imagination."

The Complete Letter Writer. The following curious epistle was dispatched not many months since to a medical gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of old Romney:—"Cery, Yole oblige me yole kom and see me. I have a bad kowd, an hill in my bow hills, and have lost my happy light. Your sarvt. R. STARR."

Wages of Members of Parliament.—Chamberlayne says that the Lords of Parliament paid their own charges, because they represented only themselves; yet all the Commons, both Lay and Clergy, that is, *procuratores clerici*, are to have *antientia expensis* [as the words of the writ are], that is, such allowances as the King, considering the price of all things, shall judge meet to impose upon the people to pay. In the 17th Edward II. it was ten groats for knights, and five for burgesses; but not long after it was four shillings for all others; when the counties, cities, and boroughs paid so dear for their expenses, they were wont to choose such men as were best able, and most diligent in the speedy dispatch of affairs. The aforementioned expenses duly paid did cause all the petty-decayed boroughs of England to become suitors to the King, that they might not be